



BY ROBT. A. THOMPSON.

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SELECTED POETRY.

The Motherless.

God help and shield the motherless,
The stricken, bleeding dove—
For whom there gushes no rich font
Of sad and deathless love;
The saddest little grief confers,
For who so sad as they,
Upon whose path a mother's love
Sheds not its holy ray?

No gentle form above them bends
To soothe the couch of pain—
No voice so fond as her's essays
To calm the feverish brain.
Oh, other tongues may whisper love,
In accents soft and mild,
But none on earth so pure as that
A mother bears a child.

Judge kindly of the motherless—
A weary lot is theirs,
And oft the heart the gayest seems,
A load of sorrow bears.
No faithful voice directs their steps,
Or bids them onward press,
And if they grieve a keener wrang,
God help the motherless!

MISCELLANY.

The Duration of Human Life.

The members of the Royal Statistical Society of Great Britain have paid great attention to the subject of the duration of human life, and have just concluded a thorough investigation, which has occupied the last fourteen years. An eminent English physician has taken all the facts presented before the society since 1845, and reports to the fellows, that he has drawn therefrom the following inferences: 1. That the value of human life was lower in the seventeenth century than in the sixteenth; but that it experienced a marked recovery in the eighteenth; and that this remarkable feature was incidental to each class of the community, with the exception of sovereigns, medical men, artists (who show a progressive improvement), and lawyers (who show a progressive deterioration).—2. That the duration of life of married men is greater than that of unmarried men—the difference being 5½ years in favor of the former. 3. That, as regards the comparative duration of life of the two sexes, females have the advantage over males, and a better expectation of life at every age from 25 to 75.

One of the most interesting and valuable of the papers presented before the society was read by Dr. Guy, "On the Duration of Life as Affected by the Pursuits of Literature, Science, and Art." Most writers on the subject have always treated of distinct and well-defined classes of society, such as laborers, the three learned professions, sovereigns, etc.; but Dr. Guy considered the less defined classes of society known as artists, literary, and scientific men. He treated this theme under four divisions, viz.: 1. The duration of life of literary men; 2. The duration of life of scientific men; 3. The duration of life of the professors of the fine arts; and, 4. A comparison of these three classes.

In regard to the first of these divisions, the duration of life among literary men, the author had been able to collect, from Chalmers' Biographical Dictionary and the Annual Register, 942 ages at death of men more or less devoted to literary pursuits. Dr. Guy observed at the outset that this class was not so sharply defined as other classes of society. British writers, both in prose and verse, were of every rank and profession. With some it was only an occasional and exceptional pursuit; but with others it was as much a profession as divinity, law, or physic. His paper referred to all those who made literature one of their pursuits, and the duration of whose life was consequently affected in various degrees by the habits of composition. These were subdivided into antiquaries, historians, poets, miscellaneous writers, and writers professionally engaged as schoolmasters. Of these ages at death the lowest were those of two poets who died at the age of 21, the highest that of T. O'Sullivan, a celebrated Irish bard and author, who died at the recorded age of 115.

According to the tables exhibited by Dr. Guy, poets appear, on an average, to live the shortest lives, and next to them come schoolmasters. This may be explained, as regards poets, by the circumstance of their commencing their distinctive pursuit earlier than any other class of literary men; as regards schoolmasters, by the immense amount of confinement in unhealthy rooms which they are compelled to undergo. That poets had been a short-lived race appeared evident from some statistics of the ages at death of Roman poets, produced by Dr. Guy. Thus, Tibullus died at 24, Persius at 30, Lucilius and Catullus at 46, Virgil at 51, Horace at 57, Ovid at 59, and Martial at 75—the eight names giving the low average of 48½ years. Against those may be placed Kirke White, who died at 21, Collins at 35, Parnell and Robert Burns at 37, Goldsmith at 46, Thompson at 48, Cowley at 49, Shakespeare at 52, and Pope at 50—yielding an average of 43 years. The average duration of life of British poets who attained the age of 21, was 38½ years; while the corresponding duration of life for the antiquaries—the highest in the list—was 67½ years.

Historians ranked next to antiquaries as a long-lived class. The average duration of life for eight Roman writers who treated of history and kindred subjects, was 69.03, or more than twenty years in excess of that of the Roman poets. The results of the

investigations concerning British historians agree with those in a majority of similar tables, in showing that there was a less favorable duration of life in persons born in the seventeenth century than in those born during the eighteenth. As regards the comparative duration of life among the married and single members of the literary profession, the advantage is in favor of the married men.

Turning to scientific men, whom Dr. Guy subdivided into (1) mathematicians and astronomers, (2) chemists and natural philosophers, and (3) naturalists, he found no great difference in the average durations of life; but it was a curious fact, that these classes showed no falling off in the length of life in the 17th century corresponding to that which had been noticed in previous classes, but gave a progressive improvement; the age at death have risen from 61.66 in the sixteenth century to 65.27 in the seventeenth, and then to 68.25 in the eighteenth. It must be remembered that these figures were deduced from the cases of those only who attained the age of thirty years.

Turning next to that class which devoted itself to the fine arts—subdivided into engineers, &c., sculptors, painters, engravers, musicians, vocalists, and actors—he found that, as might have been expected from the sedentary nature of their occupation, the engravers stood lowest on the list. Next came painters, who were confined within doors but whose employment was less sedentary. Engineers, architects, and surveyors, who combined the sedentary pursuits of the draughtsman with active superintendence out of doors, gave a higher average of life. With them ranked musicians; and even actors and vocalists seemed to have some advantage over engravers and painters. All this class, like the scientific class, showed a progressive improvement during the three centuries above referred to. Comparing generally the classes devoted to literature, science, and art, it appeared that scientific men had the most favorable duration of life; then those engaged in the cultivation of the fine arts; those engaged in literature stood lowest on the list. It would seem, however, from the tables, that though the pursuits of literature were destructive to life in its earlier periods, they were favorable in its more advanced stages. There were more old men among authors than among artists.

[The Boston Transcript.]

MURDER.—The wife of Julius Howard had been sent to jail in Barnwell, S. C., for the murder of a negro woman, slave of said Howard. We learn that the negro was beaten to death by Howard and his wife, and buried some two weeks since. On Wednesday last, some of the neighbors having their suspicion excited, made a search of Howard's premises, and discovered the body of the negro buried in the yard. Howard has made his escape; his wife was arrested and committed to jail upon the verdict of a coroner's jury.

[Augusta Dispatch.]

TREMENDOUS STORM.—We are informed that on Tuesday evening, the 19th inst., a tremendous storm passed down the Saluda, in Dutch Fork, prostrating nearly everything it met in its fury. Several negro houses were blown down, and others demolished by trees blowing across them. Several persons narrowly escaped with their lives. In places, we are told, it nearly destroyed whole fields of corn.—*Lexington Flag.*

THERE is a lady, a Mrs. Singleton, residing in this district, (Williamsburg) who is supposed to be about 140 years old.—The record of her age was contained in a house burnt by the British and Tories, hence her age cannot be exactly ascertained. Her youngest child, a daughter, was a grown up lady in the time of the Revolution, and her youngest grandchild is now 59 years old. She has lived all her life in the Districts of Georgetown and Williamsburg.

MILK SICKNESS.—Extraordinary Fatality.—The mysterious disease, popularly known in portions of Central Ohio, as "milk sickness," or the "troubles," is prevailing with extraordinary fatality in a portion of Marion county, Ohio. The tenant of Mr. Win. Fisher, named Gilson, was first attacked and died. Mr. F. was the next victim, and then his wife and two adopted children were taken. The five cases terminated fatally, though the Republic says the best medical skill of the country was exerted in behalf of this unfortunate family. The systems of the victims had become so thoroughly infused with the deadly poison that the remedies employed had no effect whatever.

OLD MAIDS.—Many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person, "she will certainly die an old maid." Is she frugal in her expenses, and exact in her domestic concerns, "she is out for an old maid." And if she is kind and humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of "an old maid." In short, we have always found that neatness, modesty, economy, and humanity are the never-failing characteristics of an old maid.

Mr. Jones writes to a friend, and closes by saying:—"I am glad to be able to say that my wife is recovering slowly."

From the Anderson (Ga.)
Camp (Gen. Serv., S. C.)
July 20th, 1859.

Dear Sir: Although Mr. Lorton's Gold Mine is situated in Pickens, a brief account of it may interest you. The locality, as you are probably aware, is only a couple of miles from Kilpatrick's Mill, on Cammeross. A gravel deposit has been worked, but, of late, Mr. Lorton has commenced making preparations to operate upon the veins. The most prominent vein exposed strikes due north, and dips 15 to 20 degrees east. Both the direction and shallow inclination are peculiar. The quartz is rather coarse and extremely glassy in appearance, though much colored by iron. It is somewhat unusual quartz for gold, still specimens may be selected scarcely distinguishable from the ore of Lay's Mine, in Chocoma, (N. Pickens.) Although the quartz is different from that of most veins of the Carolina type (already described in your paper) I should not be surprised if future underground operations should develop the characteristics of that class more emphatically. There are other veins on the property which belong to the saccharoid type. Both varieties have contributed to the formation of the gravel deposit. The rock is chiefly gneiss, though boulders of slate abound on the hills; (this is the heavy, black, hard, slaty rock so common in these districts.) Underlying the gravel is a slaty quartz—feldspathic rock—a kind of granule, which breaks out in large but regular slabs. It is a matter that may interest the curious in these things, as well as men of science, that a broken Indian hatchet was taken out with the gravel.—Whether it had lain in the gravel could unfortunately not be ascertained, when it was found. The supposition of those who discovered it, that it was, is certainly very likely, as the immediately overlying clay. No sign of a grave had been observed, and the deduction is, therefore, that these deposits are much more recent here than they are generally supposed to be. The gravel is not very much rolled, when compared with some other deposits, and the belief in its local origin is therefore strengthened.

The gold has a fineness of 98 cents per dw., and a painful, which was panned in my presence and stated to be a pretty fair average, yielded gold at the rate of about 75 cents to \$1.00 per bushel; so that the mine, if conducted with care, economy and the commonness—so necessary to successful mining—is certain to be quite a valuable addition to the production of the district. Similar deposits and veins occur in Anderson.

Respectfully yours, OSCAR M. LIEBER,
State Geologist.

From the Franklin (N. C.) Observer.

Railroad Meeting.—The citizens of Jackson county, North Carolina, met in Webster, on June 22nd, 1859, whereupon A. Newton Bryson, Esq., was called to the Chair, and A. M. Enloe was requested to act as Secretary.

Col. T. D. Bryson, who was called upon, explained the object of the meeting in a brief, but concise manner.

On motion of R. H. Cannon, Esq., the chairman appointed Col. T. D. Bryson, J. Keener and R. H. Cannon, Esqs., who drafted the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted.

Whereas, the citizens of Jackson county have understood that a mass meeting of the friends of the Blue Ridge Railroad is to be held at Tunnel Hill on the 19th day of August next.

Resolved, That the citizens of said county concur in the propriety of said meeting, and the utility of the meeting at the time and place contemplated.

Resolved, That the people of Jackson county, North Carolina, desire to be represented in said meeting, and that the chairman of this meeting appoint twenty-five delegates to attend said meeting, in behalf of our citizens.

Whereupon the chairman appointed the following gentlemen as delegates: Col. T. D. Bryson, Col. W. H. Thomas, R. H. Cannon, Esq., H. A. Bonn, Esq., J. Keener, Esq., A. W. Coleman, T. G. Henson, Col. J. H. Alley, W. A. Enloe, Col. L. M. Dillard, W. Zachery, David Rogers, J. R. Bills, Dr. J. C. Love, H. Coward, Maj. W. H. Bryson, Jos. Wilson, W. R. Buchanan, C. C. Bryson, D. D. Davis, J. W. Terrell, N. G. Abrams, Esq., R. P. Crawford, Esq., and Dr. S. W. Hill.

On motion, the Chairman and Secretary were added to the list.

A. M. ENLOE, Sec'y.

GREAT EVENTS FROM BLENDER CAUSES.

The following is an extract from a letter of the Rev. Thomas Belsham, dated Hackney, August 16th 1859, which contains an account of a visit which he had just paid to the Duke of Grafton:—"Admiral Cosby told me one circumstance which was curious. When he was Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, during the late war, at the time that we were in possession of Corsica, and when Sir Gilbert Elliot was Governor-General of the island, General Paoli introduced Bonaparte, then a young man, to the Governor and to the Admiral, as a friend of his who would be glad to be employed in the service of England; but these wise men, not having Lavater's skill in physiognomy, rejected the proposal, which obliged Bonaparte to offer his services to the French, and this was the rise of Bonaparte's fortunes. I had often heard that Bonaparte had offered his services to the English and had been rejected, but I hardly gave credit to it till I learned it from Admiral Cosby himself."

PEACE AND WAR.—The preciousness of peace is best understood by reflecting on the terrible injuries inflicted on a nation by the prevalence of war. One of the hundred and sixty years intervening between 1638 and 1855 sixty-seven were devoted to war and carnage, and the aggregate cost of those sixty-seven years was just one billion five hundred million pounds sterling, or, on the average, rather more than twenty-two million pounds a year—that is about eighty-five pounds sterling per minute, during that long period!

"You always lose your temper in my company," said an individual of doubtful reputation to a person near him. "True, sir, and I shouldn't wonder if I lose everything about me."

From the Chicago Democrat, July 26th.
Gambling in Chicago.

A few nights since, while the honest and peaceful citizens of this great metropolis were dozing upon their pillows, and those only waked whom vice or crime kept from slumber, a curious scene was transpiring in the inner apartment of one of the most fashionable and well-known faro banks in this city. The parties present were not numerous. At one side of the table, and at the right of the dealer, sat a certain well known Kentucky gentleman, now a resident of this city, and very popular as an auctioneer. Opposite to him were two clerks from dry goods stores on Lake street. At the foot of the table were three young gentlemen connected with certain of our city banks, and four professional-fancy men. The game commenced at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. It was now past 3 o'clock in the morning, and the contest was kept up with undiminished vigor. Fortune early in the evening had declared for the gentleman on the right of the dealer; and although occasionally luck deserted him, it again and again returned, until his winnings were enormous.

He had up to this time won \$18,000. The perspiration stood in beads upon the brows of the young men, and as they nervously laid down their counters on the squares, their hands shook with an emotion they could not conceal. Even the practiced coolness of the professional gamblers deserted them, and they gnawed their lips in undisguised anxiety. The Kentucky gentleman suddenly laid down checks to the amount of \$6,000, and as the dealer began to draw out the cards from the silver box in which they lie, left the table and walked to the sideboard. The cards are dealt and the \$6,000 are lost! This reduces the winning of the Colonel to \$12,000. A temporary cessation of the game takes place. A hasty supper is taken: the Colonel proposes to play no more. The others object; they are firm in the belief that luck has changed, and that they will win their losses back again. The Colonel consents and the game is resumed. It is now five o'clock. Day has begun to break, but the thick curtains of the apartment keep out the strengthening light.

The young men consult among themselves. The Colonel has won \$2,000 again. He is now winner to the tune of \$14,000. They have \$10,000 between them. They put their funds together, place it in the hands of one of their number, and direct him to play until he loses it all, or until he wins back what they have already lost.

The game goes on. The Colonel wins \$1,000—then loses \$3,000. Hope springs again in the breasts of the young men. Their representative makes a bet of \$5,000. The company gather around with desperate interest. The cards fall from the box—they lose! Their funds are reduced to \$6,000—for they have lost some to the band, beside that paid the Colonel. And now their agent bets more cautiously: first \$1,000; then \$500. He loses steadily. His last \$500 is reached. He is pale as death; his pallor is reflected in the faces of his comrades. He places then his last stake on the cloth. The Colonel doubles it upon the opposite color. The dealer hesitates—but only for a moment.—The cards are dealt—the Colonel wins—the \$500 is shoved over to him and \$500 more from the bank—and a play is over. The Colonel rises with \$28,000 winnings in his pocket. The others leave the table, having lost nearly that sum—the bank itself coming out nearly even.

The next day the fortunate Colonel settled \$28,000 upon his wife, and swore off from the gambling bells. Whether he will keep his words remains to be seen.

What the young gentleman did, who in one night lost \$28,000 remains to be seen. But can \$28,000 be lost at a single sitting at such work as this, by such men as these, without serious consequences? The scene we have related actually did occur. There are plenty of men who will read these lines, who will know how true it is. Is a community in a healthy condition where such things occur?

There are nearly a dozen gambling rooms in this city, kept in first rate style, and doing a business like this every night. Their location is well known—they are to be easily found. The police have orders not to disturb them, and they flourish like a green bay tree.

A MODEL OBITUARY.—In some parts of Germany it was formerly (and still may be) the custom to announce deaths in something like this style: "Died, Schon Schmidt. His afflicted widow still carries on the grocery business at the old stand, where she has a choice assortment of sugar, tea, coffee, fish, &c."

An improvement upon this is the following, which advertises a young lady and \$150,000. It appears in the obituary record of a New York paper:

"Died in this city, suddenly, on Thursday morning, July 14, at 8 o'clock, Leida D. Lockwood, formerly of Chesapeake, Maryland, leaving all her property (\$150,000) to her niece, Miss Sarah E. Lockwood."

NAPOLEON AND CATHOLIC SYMPATHY.—A New York correspondent writes: "The Catholics in our city, who have been abusing Napoleon all along, worse than any sacrilegious thief was ever abused before, are all agast. They cannot comprehend the new move—this bestowing temporal honors upon the Pope far beyond what he had any reason to expect. There are two hundred millions of Catholics in the world. Has not Napoleon made a moral conquest of the entire Catholic world? He has."

LIFE'S TRIALS ARE BLESSINGS.—Misfortunes are like thunder and stormy clouds—in the distance they appear black, but when over your heads they are scarcely gray. As bad dreams denote an agreeable future, so will it be with the often painful dream of life when it is past. All our strong feelings, like ghosts, have their influence for a certain period only; and if a man were to say to himself, this passion, this pain, this rapture, is sure after three days to lose its effect on the mind, then would he always be more composed and quiet.—*San Paul Richter.*

From the Home Journal.

Hints to Authors.

WHICH SHOWETH WHAT YE PUBLIC DESIRETH.

BY JOHN RENKLAFF.

Blessed public! darling public! How it must be patted, and petted, and sugared, and buttered, and humored, and spoiled! Let not the preachers say a word that will be displeasing to the public, for it is tender—it is sensitive, it cannot bear it! Let no patriot give a bolus to the public, unless it be sugar-coated; for though the public is very sick, it takes no more medicine, unless by accident. And ye writers, whom heaven has blessed with pure hearts and fruitful minds—whose pens are loaded with thought—beware how you offer your merchandise to the public; for if it should not just please its dainty stomach, it will curl its lips, stick up its nose, and consign you to oblivion.

A few days ago, I stood in the office of a periodical, the editor of which always feels the public pulse before he decides on publishing any article, when a gentleman entered, and a conversation ensued, which I will give word for word with the exception of names.

The editor was examining a proof of a wood cut—said cut being a representation of four white men being flayed alive by Indians—which was to appear in the next number, when the stranger thus addressed him:

"Are you, sir, the editor of the Tragical Observer?"

The four white men and the Indians were pushed into a pigeon-hole. The stranger was stared at through a pair of spectacles, the rims of which looked like the mouths of cannons, and the eyes behind them like balls about to be fired; he saw the cannon-balls roll fiercely for a moment, and then he heard a sepulchral voice saying, "I have the honor to occupy that position."

"I have called, then," said the stranger, "to see if I can make an arrangement with you to write for the Tragical Observer?"

The mouths of the cannons were pointed straight at the stranger, and the balls rolled very wildly, as the editor replied, somewhat in the tone which Mr. Native Talent uses when he says, "That handkerchief, that handkerchief." "Well sir, what can you do in the sensation line?"

"I do not wish," said the stranger, "to write in that line. I want to prepare a series of scientific articles."

The mouths of the cannons were turned away in disgust, as though the stranger were not worth shooting at, and were pointed once more at the four white men and the Indians, which the editor pulled out of the pigeon-hole, and remarked:

"No use, sir—no use! The public don't want them—no taste for them."

"But," continued the stranger, "would not such articles raise the character of your paper?"

"Yes," replied he and sink my receipts. I tell you, sir, I prepare a paper for the public, and I'm obliged to publish what the public wants. The public—I hate the public. The public, sir, wants blood, blood, blood! Write me some articles stained with blood from beginning to end, and I'll give you your own price."

CHIRQUI GOLD.—At Messrs. Ball & Black's, says the New York Courier and Enquirer, there can now be seen some of the gold taken from the new "diggings." It is in the form of small ingots, rudely made, representing birds, dragons, frogs, and various small animals, and is found on the left hand side of the grave of the Indians buried in Chiriqui. The excitement on the Isthmus was very great, and already upwards of 4,000 graves had been opened, and at least \$150,000 worth of gold taken out. The specimens at Messrs. Ball & Black's were brought here by Dr. Otis, Surgeon of the Moses Taylor. The gold is sold on the Isthmus for \$0.90 per ounce.

PENITENT WOMAN WHIPPER.—My attention was attracted by the appearance of a man who waited on the table during dinner; his dress was more that of a country gentleman than a servant, and his countenance peculiarly sad and subdued. I found my eyes continually wandering towards this individual, whose manner disquieted me, for he moved about wearily, and as if his task was a weary one. After dinner, the superintendent asked me if I had observed the waiter. "Yes, what is he?" "The vilest man in Eastern Paraguay. He has a very large well-stocked canteen." "And yet he is here as a servant?" "Yes; he was guilty of the ungodly act of whipping a woman, and the President has degraded him to be a servant at the iron works. He will at least liberate himself only by paying a sum, or the equivalent in cattle." So much for the rights of woman, and the summary administration of the law in Paraguay.

Travels in Paraguay.

HOW TO RESTORE PEOPLE WHO FAINT.—When anybody faints, instead of making him sit at full length on his back on the floor, loosen his clothing, push the crowd away, so as to allow the air to reach him, and let him alone. The philosophy of a fainting fit is, the heart fails to send the proper supply of blood to the brain. If the person is erect, that blood has to be thrown up hill; but if lying down, it has to be projected horizontally. Which requires less power is apparent.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—Brown wrote to Jones:—"I have left my snuff-box on your table—please to return it by the bearer." He was about to read the note, when he discovered his snuff box in his pocket, and therefore added a postscript—"I have just found it, so do not trouble yourself to look for it." And he despatched the letter.

Good Wives and "Sweet Home."

It may be true of young men, as Schiller says, that they carry the stars of their destiny in their own bosoms, but it is not true of married men:—*Wives carry the stars of their husband's destinies in their bosoms.* The husband's fortune is more fully in the hands of his wife than anywhere else. It is for her to conform to his circumstances. This is both her respectability and happiness. I know not where to find sublimer exhibitions of fortitude and virtue than have been made by women who have been precipitated suddenly from affluence to absolute want. Then, again, a husband's fortune is in his wife's hands, for she, more than anybody else, can help him to make it, and take care of it. I do not mean that she is to write his brief for the Supreme Court, or that she is to ride in his gig to see his patients for him, or that she is to manage his office; but I do mean, that his health, his vigor, both of body and mind, and his moral strength, depend upon her, and that is only with these we have a right to expect him to succeed. It is her's to make his home happy, and to gird him with strength by sympathy and counsel. When his spirits are almost overwhelmed, she alone, of all human beings, is the one to minister to him. Her nursing is as sovereign to his sick soul as it is for his ailing body. It is her gentle tones only that can steal over the morbid senses with more power than David's harp. And when his courage is almost gone, her patience and fortitude will rekindle his heart again to dare and do, and meet anew the toils and troubles of life. When I think of Haman's wife, and her bitter reproach when he came home, I am not so astonished at his wickedness, as that he did not go further. I wonder, when she chided him, he did not go and hang himself on the gallows she had caused him to have built for Mordecai.

What a misfortune it was that Haman had not a sweet *Christian Home* to retire to after the terrible disappointments and bitter experience of that day! Yes, a sweet quiet Home. But you tell me I forget that he was a man of large estates, great honors, and the owner of a princely palace. True, but a palace is not always a Home. What is a home? It is something for which many of earth's babbling tongues have no term. A home is not a mere residence for the body, but a place where the heart rests and the affections nestle and dwell and multiply. A home is the place where children romp and play, and learn to love, and where the husband and wife toil smilingly together, as they trudge up the hill on their way to a better world. If men are not happy anywhere else, O let them be happy at home. Have you not stood before the picture, "the soldier's dream," until you could hear your own breathing? But why so much enraptured with that picture? Is it not because you see the soldier by his bivouac fast asleep?—but to-morrow's drum is to awake him to battle and to death. Sleep on, then, happy dreamer. See in the visions of that heart of hearts, that can meet death at the cannon's mouth, your sweet "we ones" and loving wife, with streaming hair and outstretched arms, welcoming you back from the wars. Yes, it is of Home the tented or the dying soldier thinks. And it is of Home the sailor thinks, on his lonely watch, far away on stormy seas. And the traveler, amid the feathery palm trees, and while gazing on the birds of bright plumage and gorgeous flowers, why does he seem to be staring on vacancy? "His heart is far away." Seas and lands and mountains, are past in a moment, and he hears not the birds on starry wings that warble their Asiatic notes for him, but the lark that used to sing above his father's fields; and again he sees his fair-haired brother with a light foot chasing the butterfly by the spring branch, or the sweet sister that left them all to go and sing in choir of the angels. Home! none but the weary and the worn, the traveled and the soiled of earth can know what it is. And our Home in Heaven, the new Jerusalem—shall we not long for it, as birds about to migrate to those sunny lands where there is no more winter, nor any more sorrow, nor any pain, nor any dying? Just in the proportion as a good woman is a blessing, in the same proportion is a bad woman a curse. Woman's mission is a high and grand one. She is connected with everything that belongs to our race that is noble, refining and hopeful.—*Dr. Scott.*

MISFORTUNES.—Misfortunes are like thunder and stormy clouds—in the distance they appear black, but when over our heads they are scarcely grey. As bad dreams denote an agreeable future, so will it be with the often painful dream of life when it is past. All our strong feelings, like ghosts, have their influence for a certain period only; and if a man were to say to himself this passion, this pain, this rapture, is sure after three days to lose its effect on the mind, then would he always be more composed and quiet.

"Who is that lovely girl?" said the witty Lord Norbury, in company with his friend, Counsellor Grant. "Miss Glass," replied Grant. "I should often be intoxicated, could I place such a glass to my lips," said Norbury.

It may seem a paradox, but it is nevertheless truth, that, hit a man upon whatever part of the body you will, the blow is sure to go against his stomach.